

A
 REVIEW
 OF THE
 STATE
 OF THE
 BRITISH NATION.

Saturday, September 4. 1708.

Review. **W**ELL, honest *Bedlam*, what News from *Flanders*, what shall become of *Lisle*?

Mad Man. Become of it, why it shall be batter'd and bomb'd, mis'd and counter-mis'd, attack'd and defended; Men shall be kill'd for it both within and without, the *French* shall keep it as long as they can, and the Confederates shall master it as soon as they can; and in short it shall be a very bloody Siege, or the *Mareschal De Bouffleurs* shall not keep his Word with us.

Rev. Well, but what shall be the End of it, what will become of the Siege? Shall we get the Town, tho' we have all these Difficulties, or will the *French* be able to raise the Siege?

M. What, do you want a mad Prophet? I tell you, Prophecy is none of my Talent, I do not pretend to that Gift.

Rev. Well, but what is your Opinion?

M. My Opinion is, that when the *French* can hold it out no longer, they will surrender.

Rev. An admirable Prophet indeed you seem to be! Is that your Way of prophesying in *Bedlam*?

M. Why, if it be, it is a more certain Way, than most you that are out of *Bedlam* have given us the Trouble of lately.

Rev. I must speak mighty plain to you, I find, if I expect a direct Answer; pray, will you tell me your Opinion of the long Boastings we have had of the *French* giving Battle.

Battle to the Confederates, in order to relieve the Town?

M. Why truly, it is not my Opinion, that the *French* will give Battle to the Confederates upon any Occasion whatsoever; I believe, they are not vain enough to think themselves in a Condition for it, or the Hazard they will run in it, fit on any Terms to be ventur'd, and therefore I have no Thoughts of the Siege being rais'd that way at all; what they may do by Way of Diversion, I will not attempt to determine; and what Posture the Duke of *Marlborough* may be in to take a long March, and yet cover the Siege, I will not be so mad to pretend to—But, as I said once before, if he can but cover the Siege of *Lisle*, and yet protect the open Country of *Brabant*, he does the greatest Action that has been done in these Parts of the World, and shows himself to be a Captain, that the *French* must not pretend to dispute with.

Rev. It is indeed a very nice Piece of Conduct, and the Eyes of all the World are upon it, and according to Custom we are most impatient for the Event, even before the Action can be well begun: But what think you, the *High-Flyers* among our Friends say of it?

M. No doubt they talk like themselves, seldom as they think, always as they wish; pray, how is it?

Rev. You may hit that without being scandaliz'd for a Witch, herefore pray guess.

M. I suppose, they magnifie the *French* Troops, they call the Duke of *Burgundy's* Army 75000 Men, and the Duke of *Berwick's* 45000; they represent the Duke of *Marlborough* as inferiour, and that he is in a great Strait. If he covers the Siege, he must abandon all *Brabant*, and leave the *French* to ravage even to the Gates of *Breda*; if he advances to succour *Brussels*, and secure the open Country, he must abandon the Siege, or expose Prince *Eugene* to be insulted in his Trenches; that one of these two the *French* will most certainly attempt, and that it is impossible for him to prevent it.

Rev. Well, and what do they propose to themselves or their Parties by this?

M. O they propose, that the Confederacy shall get a Blow by it, and then their Cause always flourishes.

Rev. So that in the first Place you grant me, that the *High-Flying* Cause is supported by the *French* Interest, and the Prosperity of the last is the Encouragement of the first.

M. Who doubts it, they have not the Face to pretend otherwise themselves?

Rev. That is an admirable Panegyrick upon the *High-Flyers* indeed! Why, are they not sworn to the Government? Have not they all taken the Oaths? For the other we do not call *High Flyers* but *Jacobites*.

M. Ay, ay, they take all the Oaths and Abjurations you please, they scruple nothing, a Parliament cannot make an Oath they will not readily swallow; they swear and for-swear, and back-swear at any time, and any way you please. Nor does this at all hinder their firm Adherence to their Cause; to be a true *High Flyer*, is to be true to the Party they swear against, and swear to the Party they would destroy; Oaths and Abjurations are Tricks of your own to deceive them, and they do but turn the Tables upon you, and make them Snares to deceive your selves; they are not therefore to be trick'd out of their Cause at that Rate, they will serve their true Friends, and at the same time swear to their Enemies, and if it be not good Gospel, 'tis good Cunning; and as to the Perjury and future Rewards, which we say the Devil will pay them—Let the Devil and them alone to agree about that, they adjourn that to hereafter; the present Business is to carry on their Cause and their Party, and in that they consult not with Religion, or trouble their Heads with Futurity.

Rev. You have given an extraordinary Commendation of them, truly it would tempt any one to be a *High Flyer* to get such a Character—But pray tell me one thing, they might be *High-Flyers* without this Swearing, and without running these Soul-Risques. What need they swear at all, had not they as good remain *Jacobites*?—A *Jacobite* is what he professes to be, and let him be in our Judgment what he will, as to the Wisdom of it, he honestly owns his Principle; if he is an Enemy, he is so professedly, and is not ashamed of it; methinks these People should choose to be above-board; what is it they swear for?

M. The

"M. The Case is plain, they have two Ends in it; 1. They gain. 2. They deceive. And of these two great Points, I think, I have not Room here to discourse at large, I'll adjourn them to another Day. Mean time, as to their being on the same Foot with a French Interest, tho' sworn against it;

that they stand and fall together, go hand in hand, rise and sink by exact Measure, and keep Time most punctually with one another, is, tho' in it self monstrous and absurd, yet really most certain and too visible to be deny'd.

MISCELLANEA.

THE following Letter, being sent me by a particular Friend, and one that was an Ear-Witness to the unhappy Truth of the Thing, I could not satisfy my self to omit; The Strangeness of the Thing deserves Recording and taking Notice of for the Use of Posterity; the melancholly Providence both to the Estates and Lives of the Persons concern'd deserves to be taken Notice of, and the Desire of the ingenious Relater of the Story to be inform'd, and the Use it may be of to the Publick, in order to prevent or avoid the Mischief of the like terrible Disaster; these are all Arguments why I break off the Thread of this Discourse to insert this the following Letter.

S I R,

"I Could not but think, that the following Relation of a dreadful Accident, which happen'd near this Place, was needful to be made publick; and as the Causes of it are very strange and unaccountable, it would be very much of Use to the People of this Country, if you would give us some Account of what you think may be the Occasion of such a dreadful Thing; the Particulars are as follow — On Tuesday Morning the ... Instant, at a Place call'd *Haresin* near *Chester* in the Street, a Town on the Road between *New-Castle* and *Durham* — About Three a Clock in the Morning, a terrible Blow was heard, as loud and dreadful, as if a thousand Barrels of Gun-Powder had taken Fire, tho' the Sound was a little deeper and flatter than that of Powder. I heard the Blow at the Distance of about six Miles very plainly.

"This Blow was an Eruption of Air from some Coal-Pitts in the Neighbourhood of that Place, about a Mile or little more from *Lumley Castle*, a House of the Right Honourable the E. of *Scarborough*. It is not possible to give you any Account of Symptoms or Circumstances, there being not, as I hear of, one Person left alive, that was at Work in these Pitts — All we can say, is, that it is thought, upon working the Coals, they might open some Cavity where this Treasure of Destruction was pent up, at which getting Vent, it broke out with this horrible Fury at the Mouths of the Pitts.

"The Number of People, Old and Young, which the Owners of the Works say were in the Pitts, are reckon'd ninety Souls, of which, if there are any left alive, they are down in the Pitts, and must perish there, for no Man dare go down to relieve them, nor can any thing be let down, the Mouths or Shafts of the Pitts being so torn and fallen in. Several about 8 or 9 are found, but all of them blown to pieces, some wanting Heads, and some Arms — And one Man was blown quite up out of the Mouth of the Shaft, which is 50 Fathom, and found at a prodigious Distance from the Place. How high he might be thrown into the Air, is not known.

"The Violence of the Blow was such, that several Houses at a good Distance from the Place, are shatter'd with the Force of it, and the Gin which works with Horses at the Mouth of the Pit, is blown all away, some one way, some another. I cannot have Time to give you a more
" Dar-

" particular Account of this strange thing,
 " I may be larger if you desire it upon En-
 " quiry. Mean time I would be glad to
 " hear your Opinion of this Matter, and
 " what you think it may proceed from;
 " it is a lamentable Story, and the Condi-
 " tion of the poor People, if any are alive
 " below, is very deplorable, for there is
 " no coming to relieve them.

I shall make at present no Comment upon this strange and unusual Accident; I would be glad any of the ingenious Enquirers into Nature's Wonders would give the World their Opinion in this Case, which I promise faithfully to relate—— Mean time I shall only say this, I am not concern'd for the present Case of the People below, which my Author seems to deplore; for I cannot think any of them in a Condition to want our Pity as to this World, it being impossible there could be any Cavity, where the Violence of this Eruption would not pierce the Vitals, and burn up the Spirits. — It would be very obliging, if any Gentlemen please to give their Thoughts on this Subject, and perhaps it may be useful to prevent the Mischiefs of it for the future—— I shall wait some while for the Judgments of other and wiser Men, before I presume to give my own.

ADVERTISEMENT S.

Lately Publish'd,

A New Description of the World, delineating Europe, Asia, Africa, and America; with a Map and Tables of the Empires, Kingdoms, Provinces, and Cities therein, together with a Chronological and Historical Account of the Emperors, Kings, Princes, Governments, Religion, Languages, Customs, Commodities, Revolutions, and Rarities thereof. By H. Curson, Gent. Sold by John Morphew, near Stationers-Hall.

These are to give Notice,

THAT **MARY KIRLEUS**, the Widow of **JOHN KIRLEUS**, Son of Dr. **THO. KIRLEUS**, a Sworn-Physician, in Ordinary to King Charles II. Sells (rightly prepar'd) his Famous Drink and Pills; experienced above 50 Years (by an uncommon Method) to cure all Ulcers, Sores, Scabs, Itch, Scurf, Scurvies, E-prosies, Running of the Reins, and the most inveterate **VENEREAL-Disease**, with all its attending Symptoms, without Fluxing, Confinement, or destructive Mercurial Preparations: These incomparable Medicines need no Words to express their Virtues; the many miserable Ones that have been happily cured, after given over by others, sufficiently recommend them as the most Sovereign Remedy in the World against all such Malignities: She cures many after Fluxing, and in Compassion to the Distressed, will deal according to the Patient's Ability. The Drink is 3 s. the Quart, the Pill 1 s. the Box with Directions, and Advice *Gratis*. **NOTE**, The Patient may be effectually cur'd by sending his Grief in Writing.

††† She lives at the Golden-Ball in Hand-Court, over against great Turnstile in Holborn.

Thomas Pritchard, at the *Saracens-Head* in Little Carter Lane, near St. Paul's, London, having a Son who had a very bad Rupture, and applying to Mr. Bartlett, at the Golden Ball in Prescot-street in Goodman's-Fields, London, He perform'd the Cure in four Days to my great Surprize, and my Son has remain'd well ever since.

This is to give Notice, that I Richard Baker, of Lawrence-Poltsneys Lane, Cannonstreet, London, having had a Rupture for about fifty Years; at last I apply'd my self to the late Mr. Christopher Bartlett, at the Golden Ball by the Tavern in Prescot-street in Goodman's-Fields; who, by his ingenious Invention of Spring-Trusses and Rupture Spirits, with the Blessing of GOD, made a perfect Cure in about eight Months, and I have been perfectly well ever since, which is about four or five Years.

NOTE, His Son F. Bartlett lives at the same Place as above-mention'd, and carries on the same Business, as his Father did; having been by him thoroughly Instructed therein.